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SECRETARY'S REPORT
CLASS OF 1866
HARVARD COLLEGE
1923

21st

Joseph H. Willard Nisbet Lawrence

FOOTBALL AT HARVARD
SIXTY YEARS AGO

THE TWENTY-FIRST

SECRETARY'S REPORT

OF

THE CLASS OF 1866

OF

HARVARD COLLEGE

JUNE, 1923

BOSTON

Printed for the use of the Class

1923

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ADDRESSES OF THE CLASS

Samuel A. B. Abbott (Villa Lontana, via Cassia, Rome, Italy), or Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Rev. Dr. George Batchelor, 11 Traill Street, Cambridge, Mass.
Henry G. Blair, 1411 Hyde Park Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.
Albion Cate, 5435 Ingleside Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Dr. Lewis S. Dixon, 232 Clarendon Street, Boston.
Alexander D. Dunbar, 517 St. James Street, Peekskill, N. Y.
Dr. Edward W. Emerson, Concord, Mass.
Edward N. Fenno, 87 Milk Street, Boston.
George A. Flagg, 12 Ashburton Place, Boston.
David G. Haskins, Jr., 10 Tremont Street, Boston, or Bennett Road, Wayland, Mass.
William A. Hayes, 204 Sears Building, Boston.
Amos M. Leonard, 116 Waverly Avenue, Newton, Mass.
James O. Parker.
Edward F. Peirce, 58 Cornhill, Boston.
Thomas S. Perry, 312 Marlborough Street, Boston, or Hancock, N. H.
Dr. Thomas P. Shaw, 110 18th Street, Lowell, Mass.
Swithin C. Shortlidge, Media, Pa.
Francis R. Stoddard, 2 East 86th Street, New York City, or Plymouth, Mass.
Moorfield Storey, 53 State Street, Boston.
Charles E. Stratton, 70 State Street, Boston.
Melvin A. Underwood, 6 Longwood Terrace, Boston, 17.
Thomas W. Ward, Chestnut Street, near Perkins Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
George D. Welles, 5 Rue Général Langlois, Paris, France.
Dr. Leonard Wheeler, 12 Chestnut Street, Worcester, Mass.
John D. Williams, 148 State Street, Boston.

John V. Apthorp, 88 Tremont Street, Boston.
J. Murray Forbes, 107 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, or Milton, Mass.
William J. Ladd, Sears Building, Boston, or Milton, Mass.
Charles Ouellet, Hebertville, Lake St. John, Quebec.
Colonel Joseph H. Willard, U.S.A., 41 Catherine Street, Newport, R. I.

70 State Street, Boston,
June 19, 1923.

Dear Classmates:

Here is your 1923 Annual. I hope it will please you.

The frontispiece will recall ancient days. The compilers of the new University book, recently published, are anxious for a full account of our Bloody Monday football game, and I, as well as they, will be grateful for any recollections of the game that any of you will send.

We have lost but one from our number during the last twelvemonth, but that is our sweet singer George Osgood; *Requiescat in pace.*

I thank you for all your kind letters.

Please don't forget to notify me of all sins of omission and commission in the Report. I must acknowledge one of the former in last year's Book, and add to the list of Gregg's children (page 18) Miss Elinor D. Gregg, of Brookline, Mass.

Wishing you all health and happiness, I am,

Yours affectionately,

Charles E. Stratton,
Class Secretary.

ABBOTT. His classmates grieve to learn that Mrs. Abbott died, after a long illness, at Rome, on June 8th.

BATCHELOR writes: "I am distinctly older than I was last year, and shall content myself with our visit to Col. Hayes. There is no news to tell my classmates. Still I will let them know that I had on Christmas Day 16 of my family at dinner and I carved the goose."

In sending Batchelor, at his request, a copy of the Class Song a short time ago, the Secretary suggested his coming out to hear Batchelor sing the song. He replied,—"When I was a boy I went up into a garret to practise singing all by myself. My brother came to the garret stairs and called out, 'What do you mean sawing wood Sunday morning'!!!"

Batchelor will be 87 on July 3d.

CATE writes: "Classmates 1866, Greetings! I have your beautiful heart-to-heart invitation to attend Harvard Commencement June 21st *prox* to meet our class, at 10 A. M. at Brimstone Corner, motor to Cambridge across the Charles, accept Col. Hayes' delightful hospitality and that of the Class of '73. Thank you, one and all, again and again. I should love of all things once more to tread our Campus with all its associations. But I regret that I cannot. But I will enjoy it by proxy. Dear Stratton, *et al.*, may you have a propitious day and the time of your lives. I am well, just loafing, saturated with French and Spanish novels; Valera and Valdes, Dumas and Balzac. Again thank you."

DIXON writes: "Am glad to receive the annual invitation to meet the members of the beloved Class of '66. I shall certainly be present on Thursday, June 21st, if it is possible. At present I am very well and should be unaware of the many years since graduation, if it were not for an occasional slight squeak in my machinery, which does not seem to interfere with its good work. Last Spring, I gave up an active practice and now am chiefly occupied in trying to find some occupation for

the increased spare time. Hoping to meet many of the classmates and yourself especially at 'Hayes',' I am ever yours sincerely.''

DUNBAR writes: ''There is little that I can say in response to your request, except to send greeting to the survivors of '66, most of whom I expect to meet at the reunion, June 21st.

''At the close of this school year I shall retire from active work, and hope to enjoy a few (or more) years of leisure. After a life of activity, the idle future may not prove as rosy as the anticipation, but as there is a Providence that 'tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,' I shall take a chance of having the winds blow gently.''

EMERSON writes: ''I send through you friendly greetings to our living classmates, whom I hope to join on Commencement Day. We remember kindly those who have gone before.

''I am physically in good health, but, because of a fall, have found that such ability in writing as I may have had is now almost gone. My wife and I now have left but one of all our children,—Raymond, a civil engineer by profession, though he has done military service both on the Mexican border and in France.

''My daughter Ellen (wife of Charles M. Davenport) died a year and a half ago. Her life, after graduating at Smith College, was almost entirely devoted to public service, here or abroad, up to the time of her marriage.''

FENNO writes: ''I am sorry to say that I have no report to make of the rompings and vagaries of my grandchildren or great-grandchildren, as no doubt we shall be regaled with by some of our more fortunate classmates.

''Having been in the hospital part of the time since last June, and having had a succession of attacks of influenza, I have been a good deal of a shut-in during the past year, but at present am glad to say that I believe I am pretty well out of the woods and enjoying the good wholesome air of Cape Cod, where I expect to be for the rest of the Summer. I am anxiously hoping that by Commencement Day I shall be in fit condition to participate in the hospitality of our distinguished friend, Colonel Hayes, and have an opportunity of embracing my classmates.''

HASKINS writes: "I am still at the 'old stand' practising law, and trying, as I have opportunity, to promote the early and inevitable entrance of the United States into the League of Nations. My classmates may be interested to know that last Summer I had one of the greatest and most delightful experiences of my life—a cruise, with my wife and boy, in the Mediterranean. It would take a volume to tell the whole story, but I will only say that we spent a night amidst the romantic scenes of the Alhambra; we sipped the old Falernian in Italy, and dreamed we were holding high converse in dactyls and anapæsts with our old College friend Quintus Horatius Flaccus, and celebrating the glorious days of old,—'*Consule Planco';* we stood, one glorious evening of moonlight, on the Acropolis; we saw the mosques of Constantinople, and the churches of Jerusalem; went up the Lake of Galilee to the ruins of Capernaum, and rode camels before sunrise by the Sphinx and the Great Pyramid. In September, we returned to our beloved America, and the less romantic, but more comfortable, days of 'Consul Harding'."

HAYES. As usual, the Secretary has been unable to extract a word or a syllable for the Class Book from the Colonel. As usual, he says he is too busy, and surely for a gentleman who will be 80 years old on June 29th, he leads an active life. Rising at day-break to work in the garden, then exchanging the smock frock for the judicial ermine, he ascends the Bench, and dispenses justice till the hour arrives for resuming his agricultural and horticultural labors.

But you will be glad to know that even the Colonel stops work on the Lord's Day. The Secretary remembers with much satisfaction a Sunday of last Fall when it was his good fortune to meet the Colonel on his way to lunch at a friend's house. To say the Colonel was "spick and span" gives but a faint idea of the splendor of his appearance. The words of the Poet came unbidden to one's mind,—

> "When I gets on my Sunday clothes,
> I looks so fine and gay
> I has to take my dog along
> To keep the gals away."

And now perhaps the Colonel will write his own contribution to next year's Book.

LEONARD writes: "In response to your annual request for a letter, as usual I have nothing important to report. I have been fairly busy in many ways trying to keep body and mind in good condition. However, I will relate an experience I had on my way to New Haven last November to see the *Great Game*. A few years ago I saw Harvard down Yale in the Stadium and I wished to see them do the trick in the Yale Bowl. A special train of coaches was advertised to leave the Back Bay Station at 7.40 A. M. While waiting for the train I entered into conversation with a young man from Michigan, a student in the Harvard Law School, who was going to the game. A train drew into the station promptly at 7.40 and we went on board, though we noticed the car was labeled 'Harvard Club.' But we supposed we should find coaches in the rear. We found none. We innocently had boarded the wrong train. There was no stop before reaching Providence. We found two vacant chairs and sat down. Soon a colored waiter came along with lemonade. We took some and offered to pay for it, but the waiter said there was no extra charge, and passed on. Soon he appeared with other refreshments,—ginger ale, etc. Later he appeared again with nice luncheon boxes. I took one, thinking I might not have a chance to lunch in New Haven, and I wished to be in prime condition to cheer on our Harvard boys to victory. Soon a conductor appeared, accompanied by a Harvard Club committeeman. The conductor punched our tickets and then said, 'Chair tickets, please.' I replied that we had none, but would pay for the chairs. Then the committeeman asked if we were members of the Harvard Club. We said we were not, but we were Harvard men, and explained how we happened to be on that train. He informed us that it was a special train and said we must leave it at Providence, as the chairs might be needed there by members of the Club. We then paid the conductor for the chairs to Providence, where we left the train. We remained on the platform near the car we had left, and as the train was about to start, my companion looked in and saw that the chairs we had occupied were vacant, so we re-entered the car and resumed our former seats, and were soon moving on towards New Haven again. In due time two conductors came

along, followed by the committeeman, who said, 'How is this? I told you to leave the car at Providence.' I replied that we did so but re-entered it when we discovered that the chairs were not taken. We tried again to justify our presence there, but we failed to change his attitude towards us. He said we had no right there and must get off at New London, the next stop, or ride in the baggage car. To that remark I replied, not in my most musical Harvard Alumni Chorus tone, that we refused to be transported as baggage. He stood by while we paid the conductor for the chairs to New London. One of the conductors said there was another train following not far behind which we could take at New London. The other conductor gently squeezed my arm and said in a low tone, 'You are all right, keep your seats.' However, as we were evidently *personæ non gratæ*, we concluded to take leave of the officious committeeman, and so got off at New London. The colored waiter, noticing that we had not returned to the chairs, rushed out on the rear end of the car just as the train began to move, and with outstretched neck looked up and down the station platform. Spying me, he shouted, 'Hello, dar, boss! De lunch ticket! Whar' am de lunch ticket?' 'Lunch ticket?' said I. 'I have no lunch ticket. I have the lunch box; you may have that,' and I ran towards him and gave the box a toss. He muffed it and it fell on the platform. He rolled his eyes and wagged his woolly head and said, 'By golly! No ticket an' no box!' I picked it up and took it along as a souvenir. We waited a full half hour for the next train, which made many stops, and arrived in New Haven nearly an hour later than the train we had left, and consequently we could not reach the Bowl till after the game had started. However, the thrilling excitement and glorious result of the game made what, under the circumstances, seemed rather ungracious treatment, an incident of trivial importance.''

Leonard was modestly reluctant to contribute the foregoing, and of course it does seem a little tame after the startling adventures and hairbreadth escapes we listened to from him at our 1921 Dinner, but the Secretary thought it pretty good work for an 82-year older, and quite as exciting as anything in Rollo's Journey on the Erie Canal.

*GEORGE LAURIE OSGOOD was born in Chelsea, Mass., April 3, 1844, the son of John Hamilton and Adeline (Stevens) Osgood. He was fitted for Harvard in the Chelsea schools. He took very good rank in scholarship at College, but was particularly devoted to music. He was a director and president of both the Pierian Sodality and the Harvard Glee Club. He was chorister of the Hasty Pudding Club and chorister of the Class. On Commencement morning he sailed for Europe with two of his classmates and Mr. John K. Paine, then the College organist, and later Professor of Music at Harvard. After visiting England and Switzerland, they went to Berlin, where Osgood remained till September, 1867. While in Berlin he sang before the King of Prussia at the first performance of Mr. Paine's Mass. He gave himself up entirely to the study of music and German, and on his return to America decided to make music his profession. His first public appearance was in Boston, November 8, 1867, at the Harvard Symphony Concert. April 15, 1868, he married Miss Jeannette Farley, of Chelsea, and a few weeks after sailed for Europe with his wife to pursue further his musical studies. He studied two years in Germany, where he was pronounced a perfect interpreter of the songs of Schubert and Robert Franz, and two years in Italy. On his return to Boston, in 1872, he immediately took up the active practice of his profession, tenor vocalist, teacher of singing and conductor, and carried on his work for twenty-two years with the energy, persistence, care and intelligence that brought him great and thoroughly deserved success. He made and led the Boylston Club, a singing club of high rank for purity of musical expression and tone, and later he was choral conductor in the Symphony concerts. He also wrote and published songs of high quality. A musical friend says of Osgood: "His thorough knowledge of the possibilities in a vocal phrase, his insistence on the proper manner of singing true *legato* and also observing good light and shade and pure diction was sure to bring the best results with his band of singers, and they who survive still speak with enthusiasm of the privilege it was to sing under his baton. He had a very keen sense of absolute pitch and never used the piano to give the note at rehearsals or concerts where 'a Cappella' compositions were performed. Among his songs and quartets may be mentioned as especially successful 'Down

the shadowy lane she goes,' 'Brown eyes has that little maiden,' 'The flow'r may hide its lovely face,' 'Wake not, but hear me, love,' and 'My little woman,' the last a very popular song for low bass. Two of his part-songs for male voices are a 'Sanctus' and 'In Picardie.'" This last song was sung by the Alumni Chorus at the conclusion of Storey's address for the Class at the Commencement Exercises on the Fiftieth Anniversary of the graduation of the Class. In 1904 he went to Europe with his family, and there he lived, with occasional visits to America, the rest of his life, at first in Switzerland and later in England, where he died December 12, 1922. He was married at Cambridge June 27, 1891, to June, daughter of Horace O. and June (Howe) Bright, who survives him with two sons. There are also living two sons and a daughter by his first marriage, and several grandchildren.

The foregoing was contributed by the Secretary to the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine.*

George Osgood had a long and happy life. He was blessed with a strong constitution, good health, a cheerful, buoyant disposition, wide sympathies and a great capacity for getting pleasure out of life and giving it to others. To this last his musical gifts and training contributed largely. While he was a good scholar and a good friend, his classmates generally will always remember him especially as a good singer, and no one who was fortunate enough to be in or near the College Yard, of a moonlit evening in June, 1866, will ever forget his sweet tenor voice in "Lovely Night" and other songs from the Arion Song Book.

He was fond of out-door sports, and for twenty-two years he visited Norway every Summer, fishing for trout and salmon; after the war began, he was obliged to give up Norway for the North of Scotland. His sport, Mrs. Osgood writes, gave him the opportunities for solitude with nature, which he loved in all her manifestations.

In the Spring of 1920 the Secretary was in London, and had some pleasant hours with Osgood there, and also at his then house at Hampstead. He soon after removed to his recent purchase, the Manor House, Petersham (Richmond), dating back

to the early part of the Seventeenth Century. Here he passed two happy years, soon, of course, with his never failing friendliness, taking his part in the various village interests, such as the Rifle Club and the Horticultural Society, of which he was President at the time of his death.

In the Summer of '22 he was obliged to undergo an operation for a trouble that began in the preceding March. In July he wrote the Secretary that the "Class Report was most welcome and eagerly read," and a month later he wrote, hoping to see Abbott when he passed through London, and regretting that owing to the condition of his (Osgood's) health he could do so little to entertain his classmate. He added, "I must learn to be patient."

His absorbing occupation, in the last years of his life, was the writing of his book, which represents the result of his long experience in musical work and thought, and his exhaustive reading. This was finished in bed a few weeks before the end. The title of the book is "Mind and Melody." The first part seeks to prove the spiritual origin of true art. The second part deals with the history of vocal music, and was compiled after extensive reading at the British Museum and in several countries and languages.

His musical talent was inherited by his son Lowell. He will shortly receive the degree of Bachelor of Music at Oxford University, and will then enter the Paris Conservatories. Naturally the direction of this son's education as violinist and composer was of very vital interest to Osgood, and he was able to give his son a solid foundation of classical music before admitting more modern developments.

PEIRCE writes: "I look forward, always, to your yearly book, telling me what is happening to the few remaining of those bright boys of fifty-seven long years gone.

"But there is nothing to tell of myself. I lead my quiet life here at Tech. Chambers, get down town daily; my grandchildren seem fond of their grandpa, and now the days pass calmly on.

"Certainly I will be at the Club on the 21st of June. Also with Hayes and at the '73 spread. And I hope, with you, that *most* of us will gather on the happy day."

SHAW writes: "It is with deep regret that I cannot meet the class, take the motor trip to Cambridge, exchange greetings with our beloved Colonel, accept the hospitality of '73, and be present once more at Commencement. As the days go by, my bounds grow more restricted, until I scarcely venture beyond the limits of the little home,—but with you in heart to the end. I send affectionate remembrance to all."

STODDARD writes: "Since the death of my wife last Summer my life has been a very quiet one. I have been all Winter in New York City with my daughter, and have visited the Harvard Club some. Have not seen a classmate since Commencement. Have fought colds all Winter and thank God that I have lived to see the dawn of another Summer. My son, Francis R. Stoddard, Jr., Harvard, '99, is still Supt. of Insurance of the State of New York. I shall be in Plymouth some this Summer, and if any classmates are around will be glad to welcome them. I extend to all my best wishes."

STOREY writes: "I have your pleasant annual of the 27th and in reply would say that I hope to take the drive with you on Commencement morning, and to attend the celebration of our Fifty-seventh Anniversary. One has to be careful to attend anniversaries now, for there are not likely to be many more of them.

"What can I say to the Class which would interest them, for though the man like the nation may be blessed whose annals are dull, the fact that he is blessed does not make his annals interesting. I have lived a sober, righteous and peaceful life during the

year, growing steadily more and more conscious of increasing years, and noticing those pains which in one's later life correspond to the growing pains of youth, except that they are not outgrown.

"I have added to my treasures another great-grandson, Robert Lovett Sturgis, who is said to be an exceptionally fine, plump and healthy young man. As he lives outside of New York and I live in Boston, our meetings have been infrequent, but I place implicit confidence in the statements which I have received touching his merits.

"I have practised my profession comfortably, have argued one case in the Supreme Court of the United States growing out of the peonage practices in Arkansas, and have secured a favorable judgment which I think will probably save the lives of six men who, after a trial which was a mere mockery, were sentenced to death.

"I have ploughed the seas off the coast of Maine last Summer, and the fields of Lincoln, Mass., in the Spring and Fall, and in both cases the crops were good. I have watched the political game which is going on all over the world from the side lines, and am left very uncertain as to the outlook. Civilizations have disappeared often during the history of the world, and while I hope that our civilization will not follow their example, I cannot but feel that there are forces at work which may prove most destructive, but I remember Mr. Schurz's remark that the world takes a great deal of spoiling.

"I hope to see most of my classmates at least on Commencement, and I send you all my love and my best wishes."

SHORTLIDGE contributes the following:—

At "The Bridge," not of Horatius, but of Longfellow
September, 1922

I stood on "The Bridge" at mid-day,
Or where it used to stand,
For those "Wooden Piers" had vanished,
Their old site mud and sand.

Just once I practised rowing,
And shot those "Wooden Piers";
And what then might have happened
Had filled mine eyes with tears.

I have thought how many thousands
Of Harvard rowing men
In fifty years of boating
Had shot those piers since then.

To resume my broken reflections:
Caught in that bridge's tow,
I saw in imagination
The Reef of Norman's Woe.

And when I got my bearings,
Sequestered on the shore,
I quoth a Quaker affirmation—
To scull there nevermore.

—Swithin Chandler Shortlidge.

The Secretary adds the following from the *Boston Post* of September 27, 1922:—

OLD GRAD BACK AFTER 56 YEARS

S. C. Shortlidge, Class '66, Sees Changes in Half Century

Among but not of the 800 or more wide-eyed freshmen who are making themselves at home this week for a four-year sojourn at Harvard College was a mysterious stranger. His spare six-foot figure and mop of white hair have been noticed in every corner of the "Yard" and of Harvard Square. The "wise birds" of 1926 were all well aware that the visitor was either President Lowell or former President Eliot, but it happened they were wrong.

It was S. C. Shortlidge of Philadelphia, Harvard 1866, and the office that he used to hold at college is one that has been forgotten for years. He was president of the Commons, and in those bygone days that was known as some job. "The Commons" was the community dining hall.

Among the more important of his duties were those of keeping the class weekly board bill down to $4 and keeping the breakage of tableware down to a variable minimum.

Mr. Shortlidge is now in Boston for the first time in 56 years, and he is revisiting the haunts of his school-days. At least, as he says, he is revisiting the few of those haunts which have not vanished silently into history.

"Times have changed," the old grad remarked truthfully, if not originally, to the *Post* reporter yesterday afternoon at the Hotel Putnam. Mr. Shortlidge had just been out to give the Harvard football squad the

benefit of an appraising eye which 83 years has by no means dimmed. The practice squad which was working in the Stadium yesterday was just about the size of 1866's whole senior class.

The aged visitor three score years ago was a member of the Phillips Exeter varsity eleven, but he admits casually that the honor didn't amount to much in those days. Both the prep schools and colleges were more interested in rowing, he explains.

Mr. Shortlidge's visit to the "Yard" was chiefly to allow him to climb again to his old-time quarters in Hollis, Stoughton and Holworthy Halls. He noted the empty fireplaces in many of the rooms, and he remarked that the students of today must be a cold-hardened bunch of Eskimos. "We built our fires in the old days before we unpacked our boxes," he told his companions. Then the guide broke the news that the ancient chill of the old dormitories has been banished by steam heat. "Fine, fine," approved the white-haired giant, but he eyed the cold hearthstones a little wistfully.

UNDERWOOD writes: "I am sorry to have to tell you a far different story from the one I wrote you last year. I have not been well enough since last April to attend to any business in the daytime or to sleep at night. I have no hope of being well enough to spend Commencement Day this year with my classmates, and for the first time in many years I must be absent from them. I send them all my kindest greetings. If those of them who are present on that day will kindly write their names in my copy of your 'little Class Annual,' as they have done so many times before, it will be a kindness that I shall greatly appreciate, and will assure me of their friendly greetings and that, although I am absent, I am not forgotten."

WARD writes: "As we all move up to Maine for the Summer, about June 15th, I doubt if I shall find myself in town on 21st June. I have no occupation except that of being an optimist and of following the movie of my children and my grandchildren."

WHEELER writes: "The past year all my family have been well, the four children, we have reason to believe, gaining in grace and knowledge at Harvard, at Smith and at Middlesex. I myself see a little less and hear a little less, but still see and hear more than I can digest, so I may call my life full."

WELLES writes from Paris: "I have your circular and I am wondering how to answer.

"My life has gone on as before, perfect happiness at home. In August, 1922, was in a hospital for a very bad carbuncle on

the back and I did not get absolutely well until last January. On March 3rd again in a hospital for a cataract, and that operation was a great success, and I can see well with my eye which was operated on, the other eye will be operated on for the same trouble some time in 1924, but Professor Marax is marvelous and I suffered no pain during the operation.

"I lately went to a Harvard Club dinner given in honor of President Lowell. I sat on his right hand. I have just received a letter from him thanking me for sending to him two letters I received at Dieppe in 1870 from a friend shut up in Paris, and these letters came out in a balloon, and my answer went into Paris by pigeon. These letters are very rare and some are in the Musée Carnavelet here. I sent them over to old Alma Mater. Mr. Lowell thanked me and wrote that he had had them placed in Widener Library."

He tells us to cheer up, that the Volstead Act must give way before public opinion in favor of a free and cheerful and honest America.

OUELLET (Wellett) writes: "I regret infinitely to say that it will be impossible for me to meet the class on commencement, 21st June. The distance which separates Boston from Lake St. John is so great as to impose an inseparable barrier. I nevertheless send my classmates my greetings and the assurance of my enduring friendship."

WILLARD writes: "I hear you calling me, dear Stratton, to come and begin with you the joyous march of the '66's on the 58th course—an honor and a privilege that I grieve to say I cannot enjoy. Nor can I go to West Point, which good Dr. E. thinks of as Arida Nutrix. Of course you can talk Latin, which has rusted out with me, except some shreds and patches; for example, here is one of later date, Mid-Georgian, from the (slightly) Reverend Laurence Sterne,—'*Nescio quid est materia cum me.*' I have been examined from A to W,—that is, from auscultation to X-Ray, and found all right, except like Johnny Grace's 'Pain in the Face,'—but observe the caution—Better

not go far from home for the present, and so I look hopefully forward to June, 1924.

"As to the heroic football resur(r)ection, I remember the picture of Nisbet Lawrence above me, who looked with awe and admiration up to him. For the rest,—if I really had got into the thick of it, there would not have been a scrap left of me—I recall rushing through the dusk to grapple with a short red-headed object who proved to be one Andy Bates, and that settled my H. U. career. There was no reproof from home, and I am glad to think that I did well at West Point, to my own astonishment as well as theirs, and saved four years' more of drains from the paternal pocket. So, with all love, fair skies and full ranks."

The Secretary wrote him that we should drink his health on Commencement Day, and he answered,—"As to my health, drink deep, and I shall feel the distant stimulant and renew my youth for another year."

The Secretary took it upon himself to send congratulations of the Class to President Eliot on his eighty-ninth birthday, and received the following card with his autographed signature:—

"Cambridge, Mass.
27 March, 1923.

Dear Mr. Stratton:

Please convey to the Class of 1866 and accept for yourself my hearty thanks for the good wishes you sent me on my eighty-ninth birthday.

Sincerely yours,

Charles W. Eliot.

Mr. Charles E. Stratton."